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SUMMER LOVE.

Love that loves for a summer day,
When the world is young and the sky is blue,
When winter comes, and the world is gray,
Summer-lover, what will you do?

Love that loves for the loving's sake
A face that is fair with the bloom of youth,
'Neath Beauty's guise, there's a heart to break,
A trusting heart full of love and truth.

Summer-lover, the winters wait,
And faces as the years grow old,
Is yours a love that can challenge fate,
A lifelong love that will ne'er grow cold?

Love, the love that will last a life,
That will weather trouble, sorrow, or shame,
In winter or summer—joy or strife,
Is the only love that is worth the name.

The love that loves for a summer's day
Is not the love that will do for me,
But the love that loves when the sky is gray,
Is the love that will last for eternity.
—Ida Rowe, in St. Paul's, London.

AUNT BINA'S QUILT

By Mrs. O. W. Scott.

AUNT BINA EMERSON had pieced the quilt from bits of calico given her by the women and girls in Eden that she liked. It was the lone woman's "love-quilt," with her shades of affection deliberately outlined in tiny triangles.

"I won't have any pieces in it that spell up anybody that's stingy, or stuck-up, or meddlesome, or cruel," she said. "I'll have it just as near like fresh air and sunshine as it can be, so when I'm sick it'll seem like a nice, bright story."

"But you needn't have counted every stitch," protested her sister, Mrs. Billings, in whose home she had her cozy room.

"Anybody would think you were an astronomer, counting stars, to see how particular you've been," added pretty Hetty Barton, for whose benefit the quilt was now exhibited; and she looked at the paper, covered with cabalistic figuring, which was Aunt Bina's actual record of stitches set.

"Well, stars or stitches, we like to see how many we've got, and counting is only a pastime. The minister says we can't think of two things at the same time, but somehow I can count my stitches and have most profitable thoughts right along. I like the way I've disposed of my lights and darks, don't you?" Aunt Bina shook out the great square complacently.

"It is beautiful!" Hetty exclaimed. "Why, you've got a piece of my light blue in the middle; and here is my pink, and there is my dark blue!"

"Yes; that's because I—" Aunt Bina had almost said "love you," but she was not in the habit of expressing herself in that way.

The young girl looked at her questioningly, then suddenly stooped and dropped a kiss upon her forehead.

"Don't be foolish, child," said Aunt Bina.

When the last minute triangle was finally set in its corner Mrs. Billings made a "quilting," to which every woman came who was invited, for it was well understood by this time that goodness as well as gowns—according to Aunt Bina's measurement—was represented.

"She ought to know who amongst us is angelic, after being in our sick-rooms and kitchens so many years," they said.

In those days quiltings were supposed to be enlivened by much gossip, but the women who gathered that afternoon, in the spring of 1862, wore anxious faces and had but one theme of conversation, the sacrifices that the overburdened nation seemed to be preparing to ask from them.

"They have opened a recruiting office," said one to another.

"Capt. Pillsbury's in charge. His furlough is almost up, but he means to get a company enlisted before he goes back," was the next bit of news.

"I should think we were far enough out of the world to be let alone," said Mrs. Hastings, as she snapped the cord, wet in starch water, across the tringles.

"That's crooked!" interrupted her neighbor, referring to the work; then she added, coming back to the topic, "but I don't wonder you feel so, with three grown boys to worry about."

"We've no boys to spare, here in Eden," added Mrs. Thornton; "but Massachusetts hasn't failed to do her part so far, and I've expected our time would come."

"Her John'll be one of the first to enlist, now you see!" whispered two busy workers on the opposite side of the quilt.

And so it proved; for when, at twilight, the husbands and brothers came in to partake of Mrs. Billings' bountiful supper, bringing the Boston papers and the news of the day, they gave the names of those who had enlisted that afternoon, and the first one was John Thurston's.

"And probably Harry Thurston will join that company before it's filled; but his mother needn't know about John now," they said. So it was whispered in the room where she sat; but she understood the message that passed from eye to eye. Hetty Barton understood, too, although she did not raise her eyes from the line where she was setting small, even stitches. The air waves were full of echoes in '62 and Hetty did not need even John's words, which came later in the evening, to confirm their dire prophecies.

Then how the war fever spread through Eden! Around the recruiting office, where a large flag proudly floated, on the store steps, at the post office, out on the country roads, and beside the fences, while horses stood still in the furrows, men gathered to talk about the boys who were going to the war. The village paper printed a long list one week, and, as it was read with tear-dimmed eyes, the people said: "It seems as though all Eden is going."

Then, one bright June morning, the sun shone upon a company of eager young soldiers, in new blue suits with shining brass buttons. It fell upon the fathers, and mothers, and friends, who stood grouped near the long wagons which were ready to take "company I" to the nearest railroad station. The white-haired old pastor offered the last prayer, and, with fluttering flags, beating drums, huzzas and waving caps, the brave soldier boys were borne away.

A strange hush fell upon the small town. It had always been a staid and sober place, but now it almost seemed as though life had gone out of it. Hard work became a blessed necessity to old and young.

The girls learned to drive horses that were not "steady," to ride mowing-machines, to help plan the farm work, to do "everything but sing bass," which they could not learn to do. But the real life of the place depended upon news from the boys, after all; and the coming of the old yellow stage, twice each day, quickened heart-throbs as did nothing else.

Two years passed, and the suspense was not yet over. Some of the Eden boys had gone beyond the sound of bugle-call, a few were in hospitals, but most of them were in action that dreadful spring of '64, when news of battle after battle flashed over the land.

Eden was at its height of anxiety as the people gathered for worship in the white church one Sunday morning, the last of May. Hymns, Scripture reading and prayer were over, and the old pastor arose, but, instead of beginning his sermon, he said:

"Late last night word came that there is great need of everything for use on the battlefields and in hospitals. The sanitary commission begs us to send cotton and flannel garments, socks, sheets, quilts, old cotton and linen—everything we can gather, at once. It would be cruel to keep you women, who can use needles, here with hands folded over your Bibles, when the need is so great. You are invited to gather, immediately, at the home of Mrs. Grow for work, and may God's blessing go with you."

There were children in that congregation who still remember how, with one impulse, all the women arose and reverently left the church.

The law of Sabbath observance in Eden was Puritanic, but those who would not sew on a missing button under ordinary circumstances were soon seated, needle in hand, wearing the exalted look which meets a great emergency.

Mrs. Grow was president of the Soldiers' Aid, and her husband kept the village store. This was opened, and necessary materials were taken from it. The only two sewing-machines in the village were already there, and were soon clicking an accompaniment to the subdued voices of the busy workers.

A delegation, one of whom was Aunt Bina, was sent out to gather whatever could be found, ready for use.

"I'm glad to get out in the open air," said she. "It stifles me to sit there like a funeral in Mrs. Grow's parlor. Seems as if it would kill me to see the look in Mis' Hastings' eyes since Harry was shot."

"They knew you could tell just where to go for supplies," remarked Mrs. Kent. "We must get sheets and quilts and old linen. Have you any quilts to spare at your house, Aunt Bina?"

"I'm sure sister has some, and—yes, I've got an extra blanket or two. Come in."

While Mrs. Billings was collecting her contribution Aunt Bina was in her room upon her knees. When she entered the parlor again a few minutes later, she bore in her arms a pair of soft, white blankets—and her love-quilt.

"Bina Emerson!" exclaimed her sister. "You don't mean that you're going to send that quilt?"

"Yes, I am!" cried Aunt Bina, her face quivering. "Nothing's too good for our boys. I won't send 'em old things I don't want; they shall have this."

It was useless to argue, nor in that hour of supreme devotion did anyone care to do so; but when it was known that Aunt Bina had sacrificed her treasure it aroused a splendid rivalry which brought together just such stores as were needed.

All day the good work went on, and at night, the men, weary of their enforced idleness, packed barrels and boxes ready to ship in the early morning.

Aunt Bina reached her room again at twilight, taking with her Hetty Barton. "You know I've sent my quilt to the soldiers," she said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, they told me so. I think it was so generous of you," Hetty replied, in an absent-minded way, as she twisted the plain gold ring on her finger.

"I had planned to give it to you, Hetty. There's nobody I like so well as you and John; but now—"

Hetty's eyes were full of dumb agony. Suddenly slipping from the chair to her knees, she buried her face in Aunt Bina's lap. "Oh! oh!" she sobbed, "you needn't think about that. It has been two long weeks since I heard from him. John wouldn't neglect me so, Aunt Bina, unless—" and then the girl could say no more.

Aunt Bina's tears fell upon the brown braids. "There, there! don't give way. I guess John is all right."

"Oh, but he always wrote! He wasn't careless, like some of the boys. Do you know his father and mother are almost sick. They think he—is—"

"There, there!" comforted Aunt Bina. "I believe John will live to come home; that's my faith. Why, we've got to believe it, Hetty! If we didn't how could we live through it!"

Even while they wept and talked, John was lying in one of the Washington hospitals. He had been terribly wounded, and after many delays was brought there with one leg amputated and his right arm disabled. His nurse, a bright little woman from Maine, tried in every way to arouse him.

"I believe he wants to die," she said to the surgeon. "I can hardly persuade him to eat."

"Probably he does," replied the weary-eyed man. "He had a magnificent physique, and such a fellow feels that he cannot face life maimed in this fashion. I've often had such cases. If you can only get him past this first shock—"

The busy man hurried away without finishing his sentence, but the nurse understood.

A few nights later a lot of boxes arrived in response to the urgent call for hospital supplies, and John's nurse eagerly claimed some of their precious contents. "I need blankets in my ward," she said, "and oh, here is a beautiful quilt! This will cheer my poor boys like a bouquet of flowers."

The nurse from Maine was one of the best in the hospital, and no one objected when she carried away the quilt and placed it gently over her favorite patient.

"Perhaps it will keep his eyes off the blank wall," she said to herself, with a sigh.

When the first morning light shone in through the long, narrow windows, the young soldier opened his eyes, almost resenting the knowledge that he had slept better than usual. As he looked languidly to see if his nurse had given him an extra blanket, he saw the new quilt, and at the same moment was conscious of a faint perfume of rose leaves, perceptible even in that sickening atmosphere.

He closed his eyes and saw the bushes under the parlor window at home, laden with great red roses, as they had been the morning he left Eden. He had started out that morning with a bud in his buttonhole, and another between his lips—"decked for the sacrifice," he thought, with a spasm of bitterness.

With his left hand he pulled the quilt nearer. It was made of many, many small triangles! "Mother's dress!" he murmured, placing his finger upon a brown bit, with a tiny white spray in it. "Hetty!" and a wave of color rose to his pale face, as he caressed a triangle of pink.

For the first time since he was placed upon that cot, great tears rolled down his cheeks. The spell of despair was broken. Life was sweet after all.

"Mother and Hetty won't mind if I am a poor one-legged fellow," he sobbed.

All the bitterness and rebellion melted out of his heart as he lay there quietly crying; and when his nurse came in he greeted her with a smile that transfigured his face.

"This is Aunt Bina's quilt!" said he. "I don't know how it got here, but it is. Now, nurse, bring on your broth, for I'm going to get well."

"It's better than medicine," the delighted woman declared to the doctor. "He's given me his address, and I've already written to his mother.

"And I've shown that quilt to all my boys, and told them about the dear old maid who counted all the stitches and thought so much of her 'love-quilt,' and how hard it must have been to give it up. They're all brighter and better for it. 'Why,' they say, 'do the folks at home think so much of us as that?'"

Years have passed since that day, and John and Hetty are elderly people now, with boys and girls growing up around them. John found that his brains could do better service for him than even physical energy, and has become a successful and conscientious lawyer. In their busy, happy lives they have never forgotten the woman whose sacrifice meant so much to them, and when Memorial day comes round, and the veterans gather to decorate their comrades' graves, John and Hetty reserve the choicest flowers of their garden for Aunt Bina's humble resting place.

And the quilt? Through the thoughtfulness of the nurse from Maine, it was returned to the generous donor, who bestowed it, as she had intended, upon her young friends. If you had the privilege of examining the contents of a certain chest in the Thurston homestead, you would find a soldier's cap and suit of faded blue, and very near it, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, Aunt Bina's quilt.—Youth's Companion.

What Our Simplicity Stands For.

Not long ago I read in a French newspaper that Emperor William, while studying in detail the conduct of the Spanish-American war, had been particularly impressed by the excellence of the citizen soldiery of the United States and by the efficient aid which they rendered the regular troops. This, however, was no surprise to me, for I have long been of the opinion that, even in the art of war, the thousand and one complications with which the old world is saddled are in no wise indispensable, and that, although it may not be possible to improvise soldiers, there should be little difficulty in making good soldiers out of free citizens. In short, we see that through Europe, through all phases of national existence, has remained complicated, America has retained its original simplicity, which, indeed, is the chief characteristic of transatlantic civilization, and gives it just that plasticity, that possibility of progress, that rapidity of realization, which make it a civilization superior in many points to ours. —Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in Century.

FROM HOTEL TO HORSE LOT.

The Decamping Treasurer of Benefit Fund Changes Quarters—To New York by Rough Stages.

Two men met in Broadway, one of whom had left the west several years ago; the the other had just arrived.

"How are things?" asked the several years man.

"Hard lines, old man, hard lines, and a good many of them. Bottom fell out of everything I undertook, and I went with the bottom every time. But I beat the game on the very last round, and as I did I scooted; but do you know you are liable to be arrested if you are caught here with me. You might ring in an alibi later, but I would be up against it for keeps until they got the swag, and the game is to keep it dark for my friend. He doesn't know where I am. He thinks I am a thief, but he doesn't dare kick where he is, because if they get me he gets nothing. And I can't hold on to it forever, you know. I can't starve while I am holding a pocket of rocks down for my friend to show up. So while I won in the last round I am still on the iron works, and the stoker is putting on more coal."

"What was the game?" asked the several years man as soon as he had an opportunity to cut out his former friend's run of talk.

"Why, I was receiver of a benefit fund. You know Tomdick. Always hard up. And always had something in the wind at the same time. Well, he had played everything, and I am sorry to say everybody. He couldn't have got a buttonhole on credit if they had been giving them away. But somehow, I don't know how, and I never will, he got up a benefit for himself, and all the talent chipped in with the distinct understanding that he was to give everyone a bite at the bag. I don't know how it was, but I was the only man in town who would act as treasurer. Of course there were others, but they didn't suit our old friend, whose name is not Tomdick, but you know who I mean. I've got so I am afraid to tell my own name. Everyone who was in the benefit came to me in advance and told a pitiful story that was enough to make the flesh on the weather vane take water. I was nearly sorry I had consented to act, but Tomdick braced me up by saying: 'Don't forget your neck. Now give it to 'em,' he says. That made me revengeful and I chewed my teeth.

"The benefit was Sunday night, so there was no other competition. It was in a public hall, so as not to prejudice the church crowd. I never saw such a crush. The walls of the building bulged, and at one time it looked as if we'd have to hold an overfloww meeting. When I shut the window and barred it there were more than a thousand people trying to get past the ticket taker with 'squidglins' that I had sold them for seats. When I got to my hotel with the swag I looked as if I was deformed; money was sticking out of my clothes everywhere. The clerk says to me:

"'Did you see 'm?'

"'See who?' says I. 'No; didn't see anybody.'

"'Said he was the lawyer for the benefits and had a corktable with 'm. Better take another room. Here's key to parlor A.'

"'Nixey,' says I. With that I rushes to my room, gets my bag and mackintosh and umbrella and pulls out. That night I slept in a horse lot. That's right. And I've traveled here every way—freight trains, canalboats, every way except the right way, and loaded with money. Think of it, old man! And for all my pains and sufferings I'm liable to be nabbed by the beneficiaries and my friend as well. I can explain to Tomdick if I can see him, but, great Caesar's ghost, how do I know where he is? I can't hold on to the stuff always. The feeling I am having will keep me from stealing as long as I live. Treasurer of the benefit fund to-night, but as Richard would say: 'Where to-morrow?' But I got even with the town, old man; I got even with the town."—N. Y. Sun.

A CHEERFUL NURSERY.

An Apartment That Should Be Furnished with an Eye to Comfort and Safety.

The nursery ought to be the prettiest and most cheerful room in the house, with ample receptacles for toys, some attractive pictures and a pleasant outlook from the windows. A small aquarium is an object that gives great enjoyment, and it is easily managed. I prefer a tightly drawn, well-tacked-down tapestry carpet upon the floor, if it can be taken up and steam cleaned semiannually, and properly cared for between whiles; for children are always tripping over rugs and hurting themselves. For the reason that sharp angles furnish dangerous points to fall against, tables and chairs should have rounding edges. The first considerations are health, safety and comfort, after that, prettiness. Clear space for running about is most essential, for there are many fall and winter days when outdoor exercises is an impossibility; and on these days it is well to put on the little one's bonnet and coat, open the windows for half an hour, and invite him to a brisk game that requires plenty of running and jumping. Provide a low table and chair, where he can sit at ease with his toys, imagining himself lord of a little realm. This conceit is one that children delight in, and it is a very harmless delusion—not altogether without opportunities for wholesome lessons in the way of hospitality and kindness to others.—Florence Hull Winterburn, in Woman's Home Companion.

Hot Water Sponge Cake.

Break two eggs into a basin with a cupful of powdered sugar and two ounces of butter, beat well, then add half a teacup of boiling water, stirring all the time; then sift in 1½ teacups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.—Philadelphia Press.

PUERTO RICAN MUSIC.

The Guira Is the National Instrument and Is a Queer One, But Popular.

Like all other Spanish-speaking peoples, the Puerto Ricans are fond of music. Every cafe has its orchestra, for a cafe could hardly do business without one. Every main street during the latter part of the day has its little itinerant band of guitar and violin players, and the warm nights are made pleasant to the strollers along the streets by the sound of stringed instruments which floats from behind the latticed, vine-clad screen of private residences.

Nearly all of the airs are pitched in a minor key, which, even when intended to be joyous, contains a plaint to the Anglo-Saxon, fond of Sousa's robust music. To one who has traveled in Spanish lands the music of Puerto Rico at first seems very familiar, but the ear is not long in discovering something novel in the accompaniment to the melody.

It sounds at first like the rhythmical shuffle of feet upon a sanded floor, and one might suppose some expert clog dancer was nimbly stepping to the music made by the violins and guitars. The motion is almost too quick, too complicated, for this, however, and it is the deftness of fingers and not of feet that produces it.

It comes from the only musical instrument native to the West Indies, the "guira," which word is pronounced "huir-r-ra" with a soft roll and twist to the tongue only possible to the native. The guira is a gourd varying in size in different instruments. On the inverse curve of the gourd are cut holes like those in the back of a violin. On the other side of the gourd opposite the holes is a series of deep scratches. The player balances the gourd in his left hand, holding it lightly that none of the resonance may be lost.

With the right hand he rapidly rubs this roughened side of the gourd with a two-tined steel fork. In the hands of a novice this produces nothing but a harsh, disagreeable noise. In the hands of a native "guira" player a wonderful rhythmic sound comes from this dried vegetable shell, a sound which, in its place in the orchestra, becomes music, and most certainly gives splendid time and considerable volume to the performance.

The player's hand moves with lightning rapidity. The steel fork at times makes long sweeps the whole length of the gourd and then again vibrates with incredible swiftness over but an inch or two of its surface. There seems to be a perfect method in its playing, though no musical record is before the player and it seems to be a matter merely of his fancy and his ear as to how his part shall harmonize with the melody of the stringed instruments.

The guira is found in all the West Indies, but seems specially popular in Puerto Rico. The players generally make their own instruments and apparently become attached to them, for as poor as these strolling players are, they will hardly part with their guiras, even when offered ten times their real value. They are distinctly a Puerto Rican curio, and, strange as it may seem, Puerto Rico is probably more destitute of tourists' "loot" than any foreign country known to the traveling American. The tourist who can secure a guira may congratulate himself, for it will be hard to get and is the very thing which can be carried away from the island as a souvenir which is distinctly native and peculiar. —Kansas City Star.

BEGGARS OF GOTHAM.

Villainous Impostors Who Accumulate Wealth by Fooling the Charitable.

"Too ready an ear is bent to the appeals of the beggars, panhandlers and impostors in this town." This observation, from a special agent of a charitable institution, made to a New York representative of the Dispatch, led to a brief talk on these professional pests, who along with the "old clothes man," interfere considerably with the pleasures of the pedestrians by projecting a shadow into his mental musings. According to this shadower of suspects, several of the horrible examples of poverty one frequently encounters here own a tenement or two and have fair-sized bank accounts. This does not look like an exaggeration when it can be truthfully stated that some of the beggars who haunted the shopping quarter for 20 or 30 years averaged ten dollars a day. When one beggar on Sixth avenue was arrested he offered the policeman $20 for his freedom and two a day thereafter for the privilege of pursuing his calling under police protection. One clever retailer of hard-luck stories used to average $5 to $15 a night working the hotels. He owns a comfortable little home over in Jersey. One man who has been arrested many times carries three signs under his coat: "Please Help the Blind," "Am Deaf and Dumb," "Please Help a Poor Cripple." The last is worn at night, when he doubles his hand up under his sleeve, twists a leg and hobbles along Broadway. He doesn't have snowballs in winter. According to the special agent one beggar discards his false leg in daytime and works the shoppers. At night he puts on his leg and a dress suit and attends the theater or visits the roof garden. He has been seen in the swell cafes, and nothing is too good for him. Several of the old experts in this line have been driven off the streets by the police, but enough remain to keep the tender-hearted stranger guessing. The deserving ones here are robbed of a large sum daily by the men and women who have reduced begging to a fine art and who are aided and abetted by the licensed tribe who sell pencils, grind organs, play fiddles and murder ballads in back yards.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Russia has a business college (at Kieff) that was founded in 1588.

The Wesleyan Methodists of England are planning to raise $5,000,000 as a twentieth century fund.

There are 90,000 ordained ministers in the United States, or about one preacher to every 800 people.

There are school-teachers in Switzerland whose income amounts to $800 a year. That is the highest salary; the lowest is $80.

The Salvation Army of the Pacific coast has enlisted the services of several Chinese converts to work among their countrymen.

The California Methodist conference voted unanimously in favor of equal lay and ministerial representation—149 for; none against.

The Tuskegee institute, of Alabama, has just received its first student from Porto Rico—a fine-looking and promising young colored man.

Dr. Flinders-Petrie has given to the Haskell museum, of the University of Chicago, a valuable collection, the result of his recent Egyptian excavations.

The Episcopal house of bishops, by a vote of 31 to 24, rejected propositions bearing on the subject of the remarriage of divorced persons designed to take the place of those now in existence. The present canons on that subject, therefore, remain in force.

The vote of the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal church on the proposition for equal ministerial and lay representation in the general conference up to date is 7,263 for and 1,429 against. The vote of these same conferences last year was 3,507 for and 5,034 against.

THE IRISH WAKE.

It Is a Kindly and Human Custom in Intention—Some Strange Beliefs.

The old Irish custom of "waking" the dead has given rise to much misrepresentation of the Irish character; and yet in its intention it is a kindly and human custom. To those who do not understand the Irish nature, or the impulses which move it, the drinking, smoking and conversation which take place at "wakes" appear incongruous and repulsive. To the Irish people, on the other hand, there is something very cold, unfeeling and repellant in the English custom of leaving the corpse shut up in a room, all alone, deserted, as it were, by the family. In Ireland, we keep close company with our dead to the very last moment.

"Waking" means "watching." We watch affectionately by the body of a dead relative or friend until the time arrives to depart for the funeral ground. The body is laid on the bed, covered with a white sheet, leaving exposed the head and the hands crossed reverently on the breast. The walls about the bed are covered with white sheets, on which are hung bunches of flowers and laurel leaves. Seven lighted candles stand on a table near the bed; the room is frequently sprinkled with holy water, to keep off the evil spirits who may be hovering around, and on the corpse is a large plate of salt, which is believed to be hygienically efficacious for the watchers.

The Irish people are generous in their instincts. They never like to be alone and this feeling for companionship is strongest when death has visited them closely. A family deprived of a member by death seeks consolation from the neighbors, who ever quick in sympathy, in joy or in sorrow, crowd in to cheer up the spirits of the bereaved, to distract their thoughts from their sad loss. First entering the room where the corpse lies, they kneel and say a prayer. But the manifestation of sorrow is confined to the chamber of death. Outside, in the wide kitchen, the neighbors assemble, and snuff, pipes and tobacco, whisky and stout are supplied to them.

There are "wakes" at which stories are told, forfeits are played, and a little drollery indulged in, but, as a rule, while every effort is made by the watchers to blunt the edge of sorrow, perfect decorum is preserved, and not an unseeming word is spoken. I have been at many "wakes," and certainly I have never heard a song sung, though it is often said—of course, by those who do not know—that singing is a common practice at these assemblies. Moreover, there is a motive—founded upon superstition, it is true—for checking the manifestations of grief in the presence of the dead. In some parts of Ireland it is believed that the soul of a departed person is made restless by the tears and regrets of surviving friends and relatives, and that, unable to flit to Heaven, it hovers about the earth until the sorrow for its departure is appeased. Mourners may, therefore, be seen at "wakes" struggling to repress their sobs and tears. "Don't be cryin' that way, asthore, or you'll keep him from his rest," was a remonstrance I heard kindly addressed to a young widow who was weeping bitterly over the remains of her husband.—London Telegraph.

A Mean Man.

"What's the trouble between you and the main traveling man?" asked the head of the firm of the chief bookkeeper. "Can't we fix it up?"

"Never, sir. We are rivals for the same girl. You know how bashful I am in company. The other night at a little party they insisted on my singing. I broke down in the middle of the last verse, and that infernal cad yelled: 'Encore! Encore!' I'd like to strangle him."—Detroit Free Press.

Confirming a Suspicion.

Short—Do you know I've a strong suspicion that the house I'm living in is haunted?

Nabor—I know it is; I see the landlord's agent there every day.—Boston Courier.